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254-11 Mar4

Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, APRIL 26, 1940. | 77th Year.

THE GOOD JOSS

By R. H. GRENVILLE

(For the Messenger.)

SING-MO passed her hand across her forehead wearily, and looked down at the crude rush baskets she was filling with roots. It seemed such a terrible task; perhaps because there was never any change from it. Every morning, with Younger Sister, she came into the gloom of the great, damp-smelling forest, and between them they filled the great baskets. Then they returned to the village, Sing-Mo carrying the two largest on a pole across her narrow shoulders, and little San-Toy half-carrying, half-dragging the woven-grass sack which it was her duty to fill. On good days they would make as many as three trips back to the little hut where their mother made medicines, but now they were reaching the end of their little plot and the necessary plants were becoming scarce. As they pressed deeper into the forest they came upon thicker and stronger growth . . . delicate, dew-damp flowers and thick fungi . . . but fewer and fewer of the roots they sought. Soon there would be none at all. What then would Lean One, their father, say, who now considered them useless beings? What excuse should they have for being clothed and fed like their brothers, or sheltered in his household at all?

* * *

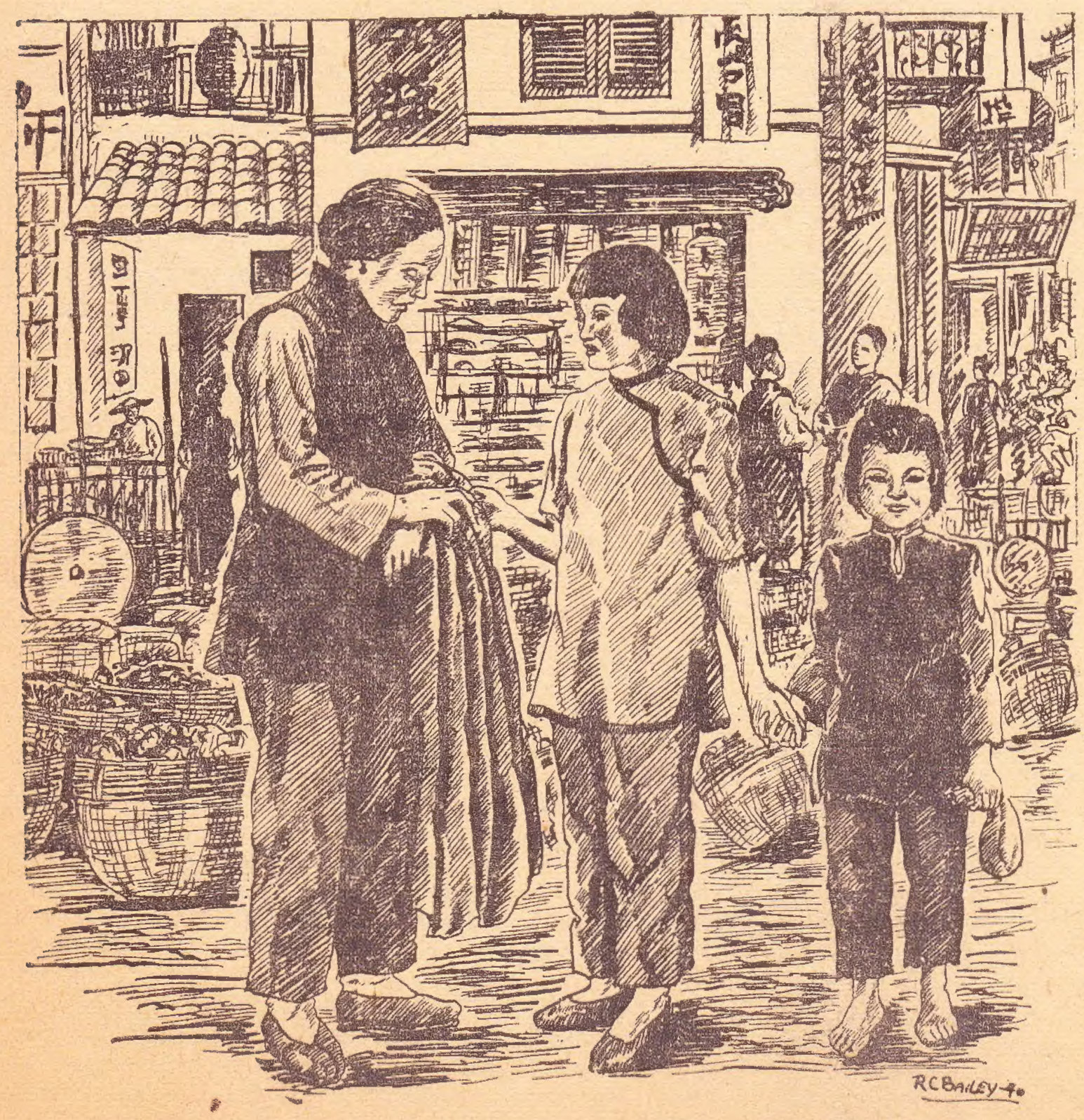
IT was this that Sing-Mo worried over as she grubbed among the dark, rich-smelling earth for the fat, curling roots. If Lean One's joss failed him again; if the rice were infested, and the hot sun burned his harvest . . . They would be sold; perhaps given away.

She looked towards Younger Sister. The child was tugging at a great twisted fibre . . . her thin little back bent pitifully to the task, her brown shoulders showing thinly through the dishevelled rags she wore. Sing-Mo went across to her and tried to dislodge the root, but in spite of their united efforts it remained firm. She looked down at the child.

"Why do you pick the biggest ones?" she asked, trying to smile in spite of the pinched little face upturned to hers. She knew what the answer would be before it came.

"Soon there will be no roots at all. What then will our father say, and where are we to seek for others?"

Sing-Mo did not answer, but deep in her heart was fierce anger against the impotent joss of her people. She could not meekly accept the blame and curses of Lean One as Younger Sister did, because it seemed strange to her that the joss had not allowed them to be sons, if her people desired it so much. Why should they blame her? Why not this joss who was responsible? The eyes of her mind looked back to a far-off morning. She had been no taller than little Sister then . . . a diminutive figure by the side of the great north road. It was then that she had first met the foreign ones, whom her father had spoken of as "white devils." They approached with a great deal of noise



"GO TO THE HOUSES OF THE FOREIGN ONES AND SEEK SHELTER."

in the strangest vehicle she had ever seen. It appeared to be a great, blue-scaled dragon with eyes on its cheeks and a deep rumbling in its throat. Only her frightened curiosity prevented her from running away as fast as she could, but now she was glad she didn't, because that morning brought to her the "good Joss".

It was a round golden thing with the face of the powerful god on one side and strange words and leaves printed on the reverse. It was given to her all because she had pointed the way to Ahkep . . . and replied in a respectful voice to their questions. Ever since that morning she had cherished the coin. There was kindness in the faces and in the action that she had never forgotten, and her growing years deepened the belief that somewhere, among the foreigners, was to be found a greater Joss than those whose gaudy, cluttered little shrines thronged the wayside.

* * *

THE afternoon came and wore on and the damp coolness of the forest grew into the misty gloom of evening. Younger Sister had filled her sack, but Sing-Mo's baskets were only three-quarters full. As they made their way through the rough fields towards home they consoled each other with hopes that Lean One had profited by the sunny hours and would not be too disgusted with them.

But even worse things were in store. As they sat about the earthen floor of their ramshackle hut and dipped into the boiled weed with their fingers, Lean One announced that he must leave Fukan. The boys were filled with excitement and chattered so much that he was forced to cuff them into good manners.

"We shall take our things in the ox-cart, and the pigs I shall sell at the first market-place. Then we shall go into the big city, and my sons shall find labor. We shall have our rice bowls filled again."

Sing-Mo's heart sank. There had been no mention of them. Her mother raised a weary voice, "What about the daughters?"

"I am giving them to Ku-Shep. He has need of hands to help with his toil."

Sing-Mo started. Ku-Shep! who treated even his sons cruelly. What would he do with girls then, and they not of his house? She was about to cry out in protest when her mother's soft voice interposed.

"They may as well be of use to us. I need hands to help me, and when we reach the market places they can sell my medicines in the streets where the rich ones pass. Mayhap we shall sell them for a good price. Why should you give your kin to Ku-Shep like pigs of a litter?"

She spoke casually, with the air of one who is not over-much concerned one way or another, but Sing-Mo divined her mother's natural anxiety. She was making a shrewd gamble for them, appealing to the one instinct Lean One obeyed. He said:

"Very well, let them begin with the loading then, for we shall leave early."

Butterfly in the Town

Oh! foolish, foolish butterfly,
To dally in the town,
When you might drift on fragrant air
As light as thistledown.
When you might idle through the pines,
And dance on swaying reeds,
Or play among the buttercups
Bedecked with dew-bright beads.
When you might bathe in sparkling stream
Where sunbeams glide and dart,
And sip the honey lying hid
In clovers' scented heart.

—Flora McCaig in Woman's Magazine.

THE journey to Kanchau was long and arduous. Three times Lean One had proposed to leave his daughters by the way, and each time their mother had scolded him for his improvidence. Had she borne daughters to be left by the roadside, when they might be sold for good prices in the city?

At last they drew into the old town, with its grey walls and painted towers; its motley of sights and sounds. They had no sooner drawn the ox-cart into the market-square than Lean One made off with his sons that he might speedily establish them in business among the impudent little urchins who thronged the pavements, each with his square of grass matting and assortment of wares. His dull blue coat was no sooner lost to sight, than the mother called her two daughters to her, gave them some dried beans and a rough cloak and told them to lose themselves in the crowd.

"Your father means to sell you when he returns. Go to the houses of the foreign ones and seek shelter. I will say you were stolen."

It was not the cirumstance an ordinary child would take calmly, but to Sing-Mo it was a heavenly chance. Clutching San-Toy tightly by the hand she made off into the strange ways of the great city. Where she was going, she did not know, only they were free. So long as they were free they could look for the white people, and the home of the Great Joss whose amulet she carried among her worn clothing. But first they must have food.

She drew up by one of the long stalls in a busy street. It was covered by a wooden shelter, and there were rough tables where one could rest the rice bowls. The long counters were lined with huge bowls of food advertised by strange signs and letters which she could not read. Overhead, on hooks, swung ducks, fish and animals ready to be cooked. A smiling man approached her down the long avenue of foods. She rummaged among her clothing and produced the coin. Perhaps he could tell her where to find these people. He looked at it and smiled. Yes, what would she have . . there was rice and shark's fin; boiled rice and crabmeat; birds' nest soup, seaweed cakes. . . His voice trailed off in a long sing-song chant of endless dishes, all new and strange to her ears.

What could seaweed cakes be like? or birds' nest soup? Only the elders had ever tasted it in Fukan, and then only on very special occasions. This disc must be a magic talisman. She only had to produce it to be offered her choice of a vast array of foods. San-Toy stood on tip-toe, her little black head just appearing above the rude boards of the stall. What would she like? Sing-Mo thought it would be nice to try the birds' nest soup, but perhaps that would be too extravagant. The good Joss might like it better if she were more humble in her demands.

"Two bowls of rice," she said, "and some of that sweet cake for Younger Sister."

* * *

THE rice was brought to them almost as soon as the words were said. Fat, shiny bowls brimming with the steaming food. Sing-Mo found little flakes of white meat in hers and little Sister remarked on a strange, tasty flavor they had not known before. The attendant came back to them.

"I think maybe you like to taste fish with your rice," he smiled. "I charge no more, only six pennies for the rice and four for the sweet cake."

Sing-Mo was aghast. "But I have no pennies," she said. "I thought you gave us the rice because of the good Joss." He stared at them and then, as she reproduced the coin, smiled understandingly.

"That is no joss," he explained. "It is money with which you buy things. You owe me ten pennies for the food, but do not worry. You shall have much left over, for that is a ten-yen piece."

Sing-Mo was disappointed. She gave him the the coin and held out her thin little hand to take the shining golden coins and the dull brown ones that he poured into her hands. Then it wasn't good joss after all. It was not a talisman, nor magic. Only money that might bring things in exchange so long as it lasted.

The streets bewildered Sing-Mo, but they delighted San-Toy. Everywhere they were confronted by new and amazing things. Old men stood on the curb displaying toys; fire-crackers and

(Please turn to Page 9.)

Making a Kite that Will Fly

BY HENRY H. GRAHAM

For the Messenger.

MOST every boy likes to make kites but after he has sweat and labored over the work, perhaps for hours, he wants them to fly. A kite that refuses to go up through lack of balance or for some other reason is about the most useless and pitiful object in the world.

There is no reason, however, why any lad who is willing to exercise care in his measurements and follow directions as outlined in this article cannot do a successful job of kite construction.

The first thing to do in building the kite is to obtain two thin pine sticks two feet long and another exactly half that length. Trim the sticks until they are smooth and of uniform thickness. If you have a postal scale weigh the two long sticks and trim until the heavier one tips the beam at the same point as its mate. This is an excellent precaution for it aids in balancing the kite.

* * *

USING small brads to avoid splitting the wood, nail the longer sticks together, scissor-like.

Measurements should be accurate to the merest fraction of an inch. Then, still using brads, nail the shorter stick crosswise, first measuring to be sure it is in the middle. Feel the framework to make sure it is tight and unyielding. If not gently put in another brad.

Drive a brad part way into the end of each stick. To one of these brads tie a piece of wrapping twine that is long enough to go clear around the kite. Stretch the string to the next brad, wind it around and keep on until arriving at the starting point. This procedure braces the framework, making it stronger.

(Some boys discard brads, lashing the cross sticks together with strong light fishing twine. Shallow notches round the ends of the sticks will serve instead of brads to fasten twine to in making frame.)

You are now ready to put on the paper. This should preferably be light and tough although I have used common newspaper wth good results. Lay the frame of the kite on your table or work bench on top of a piece of paper several inches larger all round than the framework. Using a pair of scissors cut the paper in the shape of the kite leaving about an inch all around for margin.

Next get some paste or glue. The kind of paste made with flour and water is perfectly satisfactory. Fold the paper over the framework string and the sticks and paste it solidly and tightly. Allow to dry for a few moments.

The time is now ripe to put on the guide strings to which the long cord is to be fastened when the kite is ready for its first air adventure. In doing this job you cannot be too careful.

Hold the kite with its paper side toward you, that is, the smooth side. Near the end of each of the sticks tie a piece of strong twine, each piece being complete in itself and tied to opposite ends of the stick. Gather them all together in the center, making sure there is no slack in these guide strings and tie your long cord—the one you are going to use to fly the kite—to them.

Next comes the tail. Tie a short string from one bottom corner to the other and in the middle of this fasten the tail, which should be made of thin strings of light cloth. (Some boys use bunches of grass or paper). The weight of the tail needed for your particular kite will have to be determined by experimentation. If too heavy a tail is used the kite will not rise; if too light it will not fly evenly and perhaps plunge to earth with disastrous results.

There! you are now ready to send your kite aloft. When it soars into the sky you will be very proud that you made it with your own hands and very likely will want to try your luck with others.

Two Africans were arguing:

"You ain't got no sense," said one.

"No sense! Den what's dis head o' mine for?"

"Head? Dat's no head. Dat's jes' a button on top of yo' body to keep yo' backbone from unravelin."

The 'Y' Enlists for 'Duration'

THE Y.M.C.A. in Canada is making a drive for $1,038,000 for war work. As soon as enlistment began, the "Y" threw open the facilities of every one of its buildings in Canada to the young men who had come forward to serve their country.

Already it is operating Centres and Huts in camps and other places, both in Canada and overseas. But its work must be greatly extended if it is to serve our armies as they should be served.

The Y.M.C.A. helps the soldier in a hundred different ways, providing social and recreational facilities so necessary for men who are uprooted from familiar surroundings and subjected to new strains and stresses. By helping the Y.M.C.A. we help our boys. Canadians should respond generously to this appeal. A special message comes from Winnipeg from Dr. Sydney Smith as follows:

"Today the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. in Canada appeals to the public for $1,038,000 to be used solely on behalf of the men in His Majesty's Canadian forces. By virtue of its experience for nearly 100 years as a character-building institution, and by reason of its splendid record of service at home and overseas in the last war, the Canadian Government asked the Y.M.C.A. to serve the men in uniform in this war.

"The Government has assumed the responsibility of seeing that there will not be undesirable and uneconomical overlapping in the programs of the various auxiliary services. The appeal of the Y.M.C.A. is based on facts. The $1,038,000 can be broken down and the exact need for that amount can be demonstrated conclusively.

"There has been some talk about the multiplicity of appeals for war funds. To that there is one answer: When Private Arthur Jones enlisted, he did not sign up to fight only in four engagements. He volunteered for the duration of the war. Can other Canadians call quits when they have contributed to two or three or more worthy funds for the benefit of courageous young men like Arthur Jones?

"Contributions that will maintain and enhance their morale, strengthen their character, preserve their pride in themselves and keep alive their anxiety to serve Canada in the days of peace as well as in the days of war are as cheap premiums from those of us who are not risking our lives on the battlefields, on the sea or in the air on a policy ensuring a finer Canada and a better world."

"More Precious than Rubies"

By G. E Wallace

For the Messenger.

JIMMY BLAIR was only twelve at the time. Jimmy Blair hadn't even thought that one day his name would be in the papers as the greatest Canadian quarterback the country had ever seen. The U, and collegiate football, was in the far distance. He was out with his father fixing fences, the summer having been exceptionally hot, the pasture short, and the cows seemingly possessed to get out of the pasture and into the corn.

"Fetch the maul, Jimmy," his father said. His father was rather quiet that summer. There was a note, Jimmy didn't know about notes, at Squire Nesbit's, and there was the searing sun that was burning up the crops.

"Bring me some more staples, Jimmy."

And then, an interruption to the work. Went Gibson came driving down the road, and stopped.

Jimmy never got it all straight, but even although Jimmy was only twelve there were some things that Jimmy did get. Went Gibson wanted his father to sell his good name for a paltry ten dollars! He had a notion to shy a rock at Went.

"It's hot, Mr. Blair," Went Gibson said, raining in by the side of the road where the pasture field skirted the highway.

"It's hot."

"A poor year for crops."

Jimmy's father tapped a fencepost with the maul. He didn't cotton to Went Gibson much. He didn't see the call to quit working just to pass the time of day.

"Money will be scarce in the fall."

That was true. Money would be scarce. And yet interest went on day after day, and had to be met.

"I was thinking," Went Gibson said, "maybe you could use a ten spot, Mr. Blair."

Jimmy's father did put the maul down then and gave over driving the posts.

There was silence for a while, silence that seemed to make Went Gibson ill at ease.

"And I was thinking if you could, I could give it to you, if you'd do me a favor."

"Name your favor," Jimmy's father said. "Make yourself clear, man!" Jimmy's father's voice was raised to a higher pitch than usual. It might have been that he had an inkling of what was coming then, knowing Went as he did, or it might have been he was thinking of that interest due on the note at Squire Nesbit's. No one likes to say he can't pay what is justly due.

"Well . . . I've a roan mare here . . ."

Jimmy's father's silence was more eloquent than words when it came to expressing what he thought of the horse.

"Not a very good horse . . . yet not such a bad beast, either. And I've a chance to sell, to Miles Taylor."

"I'd sell," Jimmy's father said shortly.

"That's just it. I've a chance to sell . . . but can't. Miles says he'll take the mare . . . I'm offering her dirt cheap . . . if some one—if you would say you knew the horse and she's a good animal."

Heat, and dust, and a sun that seared. Maybe that was what caused the explosion of anger.

"You get off my place, Went Gibson," Jimmy's father said. "You and your broken-down mare!" For a second it looked as if he were going to forcibly eject Went.

"No offence meant . . . only I thought you might like to make a little easy money . . . I'm just asking you to say . . . ." the words came from a greater and yet greater distance, as Went drove away.

And after that the work went on. And that night Jimmy's father went over to see Squire Nesbit. He came back, grimly satisfied.

"Did you arrange things?" asked Jimmy's mother.

"The squire says I can let it ride."

Jimmy's mother went on with her sewing. Next year the rains might come. Or she might save a little more out of her egg money.

"Squire Nesbit and I see eye to eye."

Jimmy's mother looked up.

"We both hold the same opinion about . . ."

Jimmy was listening. But it didn't make sense.

"Shhh!" his mother said.

"—Skunks," his father said, and grinned.

* * *

THEN there followed years when Jimmy Blair went to the consolidated high school. And years when he was at college. He played football at high school. He made the varsity at college. And the sports writers began to make him known. They ballyhooed him. He was one of the stars in the athletic sky. No quarterback had ever been like him . . . no quarterback ever would be.

"I don't see, Jimmy," his roommate said, "how you remain so level-headed and unspoiled."

Jimmy Blair looked up at his roommate. He was like his father in some ways, given to silence, and given to looking at you directly and steadily.

"You, the wonder quarterback, the find of the century."

There was a flicker of a smile at the corners of Jimmy's mouth.

"You never met my father, did you?" Jimmy asked.

"No."

James Blair sat there. Up state, on a little farm, the same farm, his father still lived. He had never got rich, even if he had paid off the note of Squire Nesbit's, every penny of it. If Jimmy had had to depend on help from home Jimmy would never have gone to college. But football had helped, and grades, and the ability to work.

"Well," Jimmy finally said, "if you had, you'd know the answer. Even yet I believe Dad can outwork me."

* * *

SAY, if his father had had the chance he had, if there'd been football in his day, what a player his dad would have made! Nerve! It took nerve to keep on bucking up against the elements, wresting a living from a stony farm. And it took nerve to turn down easy money.

"If you had met my father you'd know why," Jimmy said.

"He must be some man, then!"

"He is!" Jimmy said. "I don't know if I could fill his shoes, even if my feet are bigger."

School . . . and study . . . and football.

There was a trip to the coast. And there were offers made to Jimmy in his senior year. A pro team would give him so much a game.

Jimmy sat frowning. Jimmy sat, considering that offer, and others. There was not anything wrong with it. Not a thing. And yet the offer didn't appeal.

"I guess I won't take it," he said to his roommate.

"I wish I had your chance!"

Jimmy knew that many would think him foolish. And he knew also that he couldn't if he would, help but capitalize on the reputation the sports writers had built up for him. For better or for worse, he was Jimmy Blair,, the super. And he'd remain that until a super super came along, which would be in a year or two, if he knew anything about sports writers.

A bond house offered him a job selling bonds.

Again Jimmy knew the offer was made because he was Jimmy Blair, the great Canadian quarterback.

AND again he turned the offer down, although not on those grounds alone.

"I don't think I care to sell bonds," he said. "I probably could, for a year or so, because of my reputation. But then, after the glory faded, I'd be in work that didn't appeal to me. I might fail."

And his decision was to open a sporting goods store. Business appealed. He'd build up the store, and he ought to be independent by the time when he would have been 'through' with the pro football team.

"Well, good luck!" his roommate said.

He had good luck the first six months. He needed it later. For there were notes signed in business as well as notes signed when farming.

The ski suits hung on the racks . . . and the skis and skates remained on display . . . while a bright sun made winter much like spring.

"Isn't it great weather!" men said when greeting each other on the street.

Great weather . . . for anyone who had not used poor judgment and stocked up on ski suits, and skates, and other things that demanded cold weather and snow to insure sales.

"Did you ever see anything like it?"

Well, James Blair hadn't. He sat in his office, and saw the profits of six months melt, and mentally saw a note that he had signed at the First National Bank which would soon be due.

"I'll never be able to meet that note," he thought.

A fellow hated to go down and ask for an extension of time. Besides, would they give it? He wasn't sure. He was just starting in business, and it looked bad to get off to a poor start.

"I don't know what I can do," Jimmy thought.

In reality there was nothing he could do. Of course, next year, snow might come. Next year he might be able to pay his note and make a profit. If there was a next year . . . for him.

"I wonder what I can do," Jimmy thought. And then, there was someone wanting to see him.

* * *

MR. GENILL of the Genill Sports Goods introduced himself. He had just, it seemed, dropped in to pass the time of day.

"I made inquiries and found you were in business for yourself," he said.

Jimmy waited.

Just dropped in to pass the time of day. Just dropped in . . . from four hundred miles away.

Mr. Genill was looking around. Mr. Genill was a smart man.

"I see you got hit by the weather, too," he said.

"Yes," Jimmy said. Jim's tone was not any too cordial. He didn't know Mr. Genill personally, it was true; but he knew Mr. Genill's goods. They had not been satisfactory. They were shoddy, glorified shoddy.

"Well, it's like that," Mr. Genill said. "Things happen."

Jimmy waited, and said nothing. And Mr. Genill seemed a little ill at ease under the scrutiny of Jimmy's eyes.

"I just dropped in to pass the time of day," Mr. Genill said. "And besides . ."

And there was that note that had to be met.

* * *

"I'LL advance you five hundred dollars," Mr. Genill said. "Five hundred. I'll stock you at a special price on sporting goods, tennis racquets, tennis balls, track suits, sweat shirts. I'll do that, and besides, I'll advance you five hundred dollars. Maybe you could use five hundred, what?"

Maybe! With the First National holding that note!

"All you have to do, is a little favor for me."

It seemed that some way, "it is queer," said Mr. Genill, "but the goods put out by the Genill company were not moving, and you've got a reputation . . . yet," he concluded, meaningly.

Yet! He wouldn't have in a year or two. The sports writers would take care of that. There was always someone who took your place.

"What about it?" Mr. Genill said.

Just sign a testimonial stating he had always found Mr. Genill's goods satisfactory. Just sign . . . .

"Get!" Jimmy Blair said.

Later he sat in his office. Why had he done it? Not that it made much difference. The First National hadn't been so bad. In fact, "I guess," Jimmy thought, "they think about things the same as I do."

"The Old Squire and I think alike . . . about skunks," his father had said.

Then Jimmy got up. On Saturday he was going home for the weekend. Home! Say, when a fellow had a father like his . . .

"That's why!" Jimmy thought, out loud. A father like his! A fellow blessed with a father like his couldn't have done otherwise.

"I'd have been ashamed," Jimmy thought, "to have gone home, and met dad, if I had said, 'Yes.'"

Just What is Success?

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man;
Not making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends.
It's figuring how, and learning why,
And looking forward, and thinking high;
And dreaming little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed
Dismissing all thoughts of hate and greed.
It's daring blithely the field of chance,
While making of labor a brave romance.
It's going onward, despite defeat.
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet.
It's being clean, and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame despair.
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love.
It's struggling on with the will to win,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin.
It's sharing sorrow, work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth.
It's serving on through strain and stress;
It's doing your noblest—that's Success.—Anonymous.

—Quoted in Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine

BEAUTIFUL NEW ZEALAND

THE following letter, which appeared first in *The Weekly Scotsman*, paints delightful pictures of some of the beauty spots of New Zealand:

For those who do not know of the many wonders of our beautiful Dominion, (New Zealand), I would like to say something of the "eighth wonder of the world"—the Glowworm Grotto of Waitomo, which Viscount Burnham rescribed as "one of the sights of the world and of great interest to scientists as well as to the people."

A famous scientist who visited that cave to study those luminous larvae which lower gleaming sticky lines to catch insects, was charmed by the brilliance of this fairy place. "Points of golden light were as closely studded as letters on a printed page,' he wrote in the "Magazine of Natural History." "Wondrous stalactites were all clothed in living light. To bow the head in adoration of beauty was but to meet its whole shimmer reflected, unwrinkled, in the quiet river below."

A guide, working hand over hand on a wire draws a boat quietly through the mystic cave. If a word is spoken the fairies' torch-bearers at once switch off their lights, which do not reappear until silence is restored.

The Waitomo group includes the Sculptor's Studio, where nature has made a varied array of statuary; the Banqueting Hall, where one can easily picture a feast of ghostly guests; the Cathedral, which has its sparkling columns and grand organ.

In all the caves are all manner of strange formations of limestone, as shown by such names as the Bride's Jewels, the Wedding-Cake, and the Blanket. And then there are the Ogres of Menagerie Cave. The Blanket, in beautiful folds, looks like a petrified fabric and the Wedding-Cake like a crystallised confection of a goblin banquet

Northern Messenger
WEEKLY
Founded by John Dougall, 1864
Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7).
Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger,
Present title adopted, 1876
Printed and published by
JOHN DOUGALL & SON
(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)
at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

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or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

APRIL 26, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : I am the light of the world.—St. John 8:12.
Mon. : The Lord shall be thine everlasting light.—Isa. 60:20.
Tue. : The Lord is my light and my salvation.—Psalm 27:1.
Wed. : The day is thine and the night is thine.—Ps. 74:16.
Thu. : In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.—St. John 1:4.
Fri : That God in all things may be glorified.—1 Peter, 4:11.
Sat. : The victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. 15:57.

I will fear no evil.—Ps. 23:4.

The Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—Rev. 19:6.

He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.—Ps. 16:8.

Is anything too hard for the Lord?—Gen. 18:14.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee . . . they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43:2.

I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand saying, Fear not.—Isa. 41:13.

I will give thee the treasures of darkness.—Isa. 45:3.

No Time to Pray!

NO interview with Christ from day to day;
A hurried prayer, maybe, just gabbled through;
A random text—for any one will do—
But yet a small Voice whispered:
"For My sake keep tryst with Me,
You shall accomplish more if you will shut the door
For ten short minutes just to watch and pray."

Religion is not a way of looking at certain things, but a certain way of looking at all things.

For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—Romans 1:16.

I will live with all my might while I live.—Dwight L. Moody.

Wisdom is ofttimes nearer when we stoop than when we soar.—Wordsworth.

He bids fair to grow wise who has discovered that he is not so.—Syrus.

"Certainly I will be with thee,"
Keeps ringing in my ear;
The message sounds so clearly
With comfort, hope and cheer!
Through trials and temptations,
Through tests in varied form,
He gives me strength and patience
To weather every storm.

—*A. E. L.*

Humility, that low, sweet root, from which all heavenly virtues shoot.—Moore.

Unpurchasable

MONEY cannot buy for a man the inspiration that enables him to work out his business plans. You can copy a man's work, his produce, or his method, but you cannot copy his mind.

Money cannot buy a reputation, cannot buy the gift of courtesy, a sense of the fitness of things or the power that is back of a man which gives him vision.

Without an unpurchasable mind-power you cannot develop an unpurchasable man-power.

The mind-power and the man-power, representing quality as distinct from quantity, present the difference between the successful and unbeatable organization and that which is one leap ahead of the sheriff.

There is nothing mysterious about the ability to succeed. It is merely a matter of common sense and common honor.

Think, see and act straight—such is the secret of the road which leads up and out.—Religious Telescope.

No Selfish Peace

WE are forced most reluctantly to take part in these horrors. Yes, forced, for there is a worse sight than that of a nation at war. It is the sight of a nation at peace because she is too selfish to risk her blood, to risk her commercial prosperity, and therefore is content to break her plighted word, to see her weaker neighbors destroyed, to see a daring, defiant militarism trampling on Europe. We desire no jingo spirit, we desire no glorification of war. We want peace, but peace may be bought too dear if the price is national honor. . . .

Britain will not buy peace at that price . . . and Canada says, "God bless her, the Old Land is right, and we are going to stand by her.". . . .

Oh, I do trust that if this had been a war of selfish aggression on Britain's part, we should have sternly opposed it. . . . Let our prayer be always, "God defend the right — God break our swords in our hands if we are wrong. In this war in which we are engaging today may Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—Archdeacon Paterson-Smyth (1914).

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.—Johnson.

I *AM only one,*
But still I am one;
I cannot do everything,
But still I can do something;
And because I cannot do everything,
I will not refuse to do something that
I can do.

Prayer

O God of light and truth, break in upon our darkness and our self content. Open our minds that we may think Thy thoughts, and our hearts that we may love as Thou dost love. May the truth be more precious to us than pride of intellect, or the approval of the world. Let prejudice and selfishness die out in us, and the open-mindedness of Jesus have right of way in our hearts. Amen. —Church Leaflet.

Hymn for Our Soldiers

Holy Father, guard Thy children,
When all human help doth fail,
In their hours of deadly peril,
When the boldest heart may quail!

Be their stay in lonely watches,
Steel their courage, banish fear;
And, when perils dire o'ertake them,
Make them feel that Thou art near!

Give them strength to face all dangers,
Show Thyself their closest Friend;
And if life itself is asked for,
Be Thou with them to the end!

—C.E.N.

Young People's Bible Reading

Isaiah, Herald of Restoration

For Sunday
MAY 5, 1940.
Isaiah 55:1-11

by BEREAN

READ much in the Prophet Isaiah, both in the "first" and "second" parts of the Book. "Each is the complement of the other. . . . The burden of the First is that a nation whose aims are material will come to disaster. The burden of the Second, that a nation which has come to disaster can, in proportion as it sees its former errors, be restored." (Basil King) Each prophet is an international statesman. He sees that God is not only the God of Israel, but of all men.

Almost every page of the Book has some message of warning or of grace more precious than "thousands of gold and silver" alike to the nation and the individual. The words and phrases of "Isaiah" sing into the heart. The Book contains great oratory and great poetry.

The message of Isaiah was first of all to the people of his own day. There was a temporary and local application of his words. "The prophets . . . looked around as well as ahead. Isaiah is a striking example of this." (W. E. Channing)

In the "second part" of Isaiah we find many references to King Cyrus. This great man with his hardy and temperate Persians overthrew Croesus, the wealthy king of Lydia in 546 B.C. Seven years later he made war against Nabonidus, king of Babylon.

Isaiah sees that Cyrus. although he is unaware of it himself, is working out the plans of Israel's God. (44:28-45:4) He predicts that he will conquer Babylon and will restore the Jews to their own land.

This is the background of the "Second Isaiah." But Isaiah's message is "for all time" and for all people. Look at the "exceeding great and precious promises" of Chapter 41. "Fear thou not for I am with thee. . . I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. . . . When the poor and needy seek water and there is none . . . I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them."

There is much of the Gospel in Isaiah's prophecies. "Behold my Servant whom I have chosen. . ." (42:1-4); "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee . . ." (60:1-3): "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek. . . ." (61:1-3); "In all their afflictions he was afflicted. . ." (63:7-9)

Above all there is the wonderful 53rd chapter, which every one of us should know by heart, "He is despised and rejected of men. . . Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows. . . He shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
without a price may go.
How long to streams of false delight
will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance
waste on trifles light as air?
—Scottish Paraphrase.

* * *

Isaiah with his fire-tipped tongue
sublime. —Schiller.

* * *

Rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire.
—Burns.

"HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH!"

WE can read our grand chapter today as the call of the prophet to his fellow-exiles to come back to God and to set out fearlessly to their own land. Look at the wonderful imagery in which he clothes his thought.

The picture in the prophet's mind in verse 1 is probably that of a caravan in the desert. Their supply of water has given out. They stumble on over the burning sands, the sun beating down on them with pitiles glare. (See Psalm 107:4-9)

Suddenly a figure appears on the sky-line. His home is among the palm trees in an oasis beyond the hills. He calls to the fainting travellers,

"Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

Then the prophet gives us another picture. An Eastern market where pleasant foods await the hungry and cooling drinks those that are athirst. And this is all free for whoever will come.

And he that hath no money, come ye
buy and eat,"
Yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price.

But the poor foolish people wander round, spending their hard-earned money on things that give no lasting satisfaction.

Mercies.—Loving-kindnesses. Sure.—"The meaning is that Jehovah will, without fail, fulfil for His people the promises of loving kindness made to David." (Dummelow) (See Psalm 89:1-4, 19-37)

"David" is taken as the type of a faithful, heroic Israel, "the Messianic nation." Here as often in the Prophets, the personality of Israel merges into that of the Messiah.

I have given him.—Rather, I gave him. . . People.—Peoples (R.V.) "David's successes gave him a position which made his religion known in the world, and thus he witnessed for Jehovah." (Dummelow) (Psa. 18:43)

David established an empire by military conquest, but he consolidated it by the justice of his rule. (2 Sam. 8) Many of his most loyal "mighty men" were foreigners drawn to him by his chivalry, justice and generosity.

Nations that knew not thee.—Foreign peoples shall be drawn to Israel as they were drawn to David. (Isa. 2:2-4; 11:10; 42:1-7; 49:6; 60:1-3; 62:1, 2, and many other passages)

While He may be found.—God could not make a covenant with those who remained satisfied with Babylonian idolatry and evil living. They are called back to their loving, pardoning God. (Isa. 52:11; 2 Cor. 6:16-18)

Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
And God, when they to him return,
Returning grace will show.
(Scot's Paraphrase)

HOW GOD CARES FOR US

AS the heavens are higher.—"These verses are especially addressed to those of the Israelites who were incred-

(Continued on Page 8.)

Memory Verse

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near.—Isaiah 55:6

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM APRIL 29 TO MAY 5.

Mon.—Isaiah 55:1-5
Tue.—Isaiah 55:6-11
Wed.—Luke 14:15-24
Thu.—Romans 10:8-13
Fri.—Matt. 9:9-13
Sat.—John 6:35-40
Sun—Matt. 11:27-30

Unemployment Aggravated

FAMOUS economists have testified to the fact that unemployment is aggravated by the expenditure of money on intoxicants.

The drink trade employs in relation to its turnover a very small amount of labor and the transfer of expenditure from intoxicating liquors to articles like food, clothing, furniture and other necessities of life would immediately result in such an increased demand for labor in those industries that our unemployment problem would quickly assume more manageable proportions.

An increasing body of medical opinion is coming down against the use of alcohol.

Some four years ago, no less than 1,000 doctors, including some of the most eminent men in the medical profession, issued a manifesto in which they condemned the brewers' attempt to extend the beer-drinking habit; and certainly the experts on nutrition regard expenditure on alcoholic drink as so much waste.—Alliance News.

A Poisonous Substance

"*Alcohol in all forms and doses is a poisonous substance,* which disturbs the human organism to its foundations, is extremely dangerous and injurious to individuals and society, and therefore should be absolutely excluded from human diet."—Professor A. Forel.

"If we are going to found the prosperity of the country—its commercial prosperity, its industrial prosperity—upon an impregnable basis *we must cleanse the foundations of the rot of alcohol.*"—The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P.

Propaganda Methods

In 1933, Sir Edgar Sanders, Director of the Brewers' Society, said:—

"The chief customers of the Public House today are the elderly and middle-aged men. Unless you can *attract the younger generation* to take the place of the older men, there is no doubt that we shall have to face a steadily falling consumption of beer."

He also said:—"If we begin advertising in the Press we shall see that the continuation of our advertising is *contingent upon the fact that we get editorial support* as well in the same papers. In that way *it is wonderful how you can educate public opinion, generally without making it too obvious that there is a publicity campaign behind it all.*"

But the most damnable of all was the following statement:—"We want to get the beer drinking habit instilled into thousands, almost *millions, of young men who do not at present know the taste of beer.*"—Vanguard.

FAITH

I heard the silver wind
  Come rustling o'er the land,
I knew that she was near,
  Yet could not touch her hand.

A power more strong than wind
  That sense Thou givest me,
And stronger than these eyes
  Which often do not see!

And so I follow God,
  His power makes me bold,
I feel Him everywhere,
  And yet cannot behold.

—Jean Keegstra.

ISAIAH

(Continued from Page 7.)

ulous of the possibility of restoration to their own land." (Dummelow)

What grand verses they are! Refer back to 40:12-31.

Compare Psa. 103:11-14. The thought of the heavens, the deep sky and the glorious stars, meant much to Eastern people. They should mean much to us. Look up to the sky any clear night. How our mind soars up and up and how small all our worries become. God Who guides the stars guides and cares for us.

There is a lovely verse, 1 John 3:20, "God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things." Those who honestly desire to love and serve God must not be discouraged.

For the love of God is broader
  Than the measure of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
  Is most wonderfully kind.

For as the rain.—Here again the prophet gives a lovely little picture. The rain and the snow coming from God to bless the earth.

He sends the snow in winter
  The warmth to swell the grain,
The breezes and the sunshine,
  And soft refreshing rain.

As the rain and the snow which God sends do their work for men, so His word will soften men's hearts so that they "bring forth fruit in their lives."

With joy . . . peace.—"Not in haste or flight, as from Egypt. The passage describes the exodus from Babylon. All nature rejoices with God's people." (Dummelow)

The mountains and the hills.—Here is another glorious picture. Did you ever hear the mountains "break forth into singing"? Just go out in the springtime when all the little brooks are dancing down the hillsides, joyfully calling to each other that winter is over, or a little later on when the birds are in full choir.

Did you ever see the trees "clapping their hands"? You can see it when the trees are in leaf and they bend and sway and toss their branches in the gay early summer breeze.

The imagery of the verse is derived from a gay Eastern wedding procession.

A Sign to the Nations

INSTEAD of the thorn. — (Compare 35:1, 2; 41:17-20) During the Exile much of the land had become overgrown with briers and thorns. Now at the command of God the people were going back. They shall "build the old waste places." (Isa. 51:3; 52:9; 58:12; 61:4) They shall sow their fields and plant vineyards. Lovely trees shall shade them from the fierce rays of the sun, and ensure the rainfall that shall cause their crops to ripen, and provide water for their flocks.

An everlasting sign.—"An assurance that the state of things foretold . . . shall surely come to pass and shall be permanent." (Dummelow)

It shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign. — Remember how we have often seen that the "Name" of God meant the "Character" of God.

The happy restoration of Israel to her own land and the blessings that come to the nations who have learned to serve Israel's God shall tell of God's goodness to all the world.

This is Isaiah's grand vision of the restoration of his people. It is his call to them to go out into the unknown, "putting their hand into the hand of God." It is his declaration that God is not only the God of Israel, but the God of all men and that in loving and serving Him "all the nations of the earth shall be blessed."

The vision was only partially fulfilled in Isaiah's day. But the message sounds out from day to day, from century to century.

It is only in hearkening to it and in accepting its gracious invitation that nations shall find happiness and peace.

By ourselves living in the spirit of Isaiah's message, we shall bring the realization of his vision nearer for the world.

Questions

1. Ho every one that thirsteth.—Complete the clause.
2. What word-picture does Isaiah draw here?
3. At what "price" are God's blessings offered?
4. Wherefore do ye spend money—. Complete the sentence.
5. Seek ye the Lord—. Complete the sentence.
6. What familiar things does Isaiah speak of in the latter five verses of this chapter?
7. What does he mean by "It shall be to the Lord for a name"?

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

The Good Joss

(Continued from Page 2.)

kites, live frogs and crickets in tiny wooden cages. San-Toy went from one enchantment to another, laughing and clapping her hands in an ecstasy of excitement but Sing-Mo looked unseeingly at the crowd. How long would this money last? If they had only one bowl of rice a day it might keep them a long while, but they needed clothes. Already Younger Sister was limping with soreness from the hard pavement.

They turned into a quaint little shop and Sing-Mo bought two pairs of wooden clogs crossed over with red leather. There was a bewildering assortment of clothing in the dim little place, and for the first time in her life the little country girl realized how truly poor she was. Then, fearing she might use the money rashly, she dragged the beguiled San-Toy from the premises, and made her way into the streets again.

* * *

ALL around them the noise and babble of the city rose and fell. There were sewing-women at work in the doorways, and dentists practising their art on the curb. In one corner a professional reader was recounting the proverbs to an interested group of listeners. In the street rickshas and oxen-teams mingled with herds of animals being driven to the market.

Two or three times they thought they saw Lean One in the crowd, and turned hurriedly down side-streets to evade him. Everywhere they came upon strangeness and the recognized chatter of their own tongue. But where were the people of the great Joss?

The blue dusk deepened into night and lights began to bob and flicker around the stalls. Sing-Mo stared in wonder. Never had she dreamed of such a place. The people didn't go home at twilight as they did in Fukan. The streets were as full as ever, the stalls crowded with people buying strange foods, and the shrill cries and mingled tones of hawkers and drovers continued filling the air with clamor. But now the girls were conscious of a great weariness. With the darkness came a deeper sense of uneasiness at their position in this city.

So when they came upon the little shed, with its wide turned back doors, Sing-Mo suggested that they should go in and sleep. She spread the rough cloak their mother had given them on the hard ground, and lay down beside Younger Sister, cuddling the slight form closer to hers for warmth. Tired out by their hard journey and the excitement of the day, they rapidly fell asleep.

Sing-Mo dreamed of eating wooden frogs and buying cakes of painted rice. The noises and cries of the city came and went in her ears like the tides of a weird sea; hundreds and thousands of lights flickered and bobbed before her, gradually merging into one great beam that approached towards her, making a sound like a storm-wind, and blotting out everything from her sight.

* * *

SHE awoke with a startled scream. The light became two separate beams that advanced towards her. The noise grew louder, snarling like a wolf. she was conscious of Younger Sister clutching at her with wild sobbings, then the noise stopped and the lights went out. There was a sound of speech in the foreign tongue and light steps advanced towards them. A softer light was switched on in the hands of a tall, pale woman. She stared at them, and spoke in halting Chinese:

"What you do here? What name you call?"

Sing-Mo gathered courage. The voice was kindly and the face, bent above them in the mellow radiance of the torch, was soft with compassion.

"I am Sing-Mo, please lady, and this is my sister, San-Toy. We are seeking the good Joss of the white people."

"Well, I never!" Margaret Flemming turned to a companion who advanced towards the odd-looking group. "These poor little creatures were actually asleep in the garage," she explained; adding softly, "and they're looking for our good Joss."

Dr. Pierce gazed at them in good-natured amazement. He had sought many little pagans in many strange places and under queer circumstances, but this was the first time they had come looking for Christianity of their own accord. "Where are your people?" he asked.

Sing-Mo thought swiftly. If she told the whole truth they might be returned to Lean One. "We are lost," she explained, "and seek labor for our living." This statement was made with a certain amount of quaint dignity. After all, she was fifteen—a grown woman—and she must show herself capable in the eyes of the foreign one.

The man spoke to them again. "You come be my daughters?" he asked kindly. "I have hundreds of sons and daughters like you, who work for me, and play also. Would you like to come with me and be one of them?"

Sing-Mo's eyes shone brightly in her thin little face. "It is as I have desired these long years, sir." Younger Sister had stopped crying and looked up at the strange faces in amazement. It was even as their mother had said. The froeign ones were foolish and thought girls as valuable as sons. She ventured a shy smile towards them.

The man drove his strange cart into the shed and closed the door upon it, then the two shivering little girls accompanied him and his companion into the house. It was very rich and bright, and smelled of cleanliness and warmth. A smiling-faced, bright-eyed woman took them into a room shining with porcelain and gave them their first real bath. Then they were arrayed in fresh-smelling clothes and tucked into a bed on the floor . . but one that was soft to lie on and covered with warm blankets.

The next morning, after they had breakfasted on a wonderful strange food, they were taken into a little room and asked a great many questions. Their answers were recorded in a huge book, and then they were taken to a large hall where dozens of children like themselves sat listening to a grave-faced gentleman who was telling stories.

"It is the story of the good Joss," explained Margaret Flemming as they turned questioningly towards her. "He is our God, and that is his picture on the wall."

They looked up to see a beautiful painting of Christ . . . his arms extended in benediction above the heads of children who clustered adoringly around him. Sing-Mo was puzzled, yet strangely at peace with this new religion. . . .

"The girl-children," she whispered, "He loves them equally well, and does not call them useless ones?"

"That you shall learn of," said Margaret gently as she ushered the new scholars into their places.

Oh! what a wonderful story that was Of the sweet-faced God who loves children and cares for them tenderly whatever their race or nationality. Who once walked on earth preaching love among mankind, and who now reigns in heaven, blessing those who love one another, and who go forth to teach his word. Sing-Mo and her sister sat enthralled throughout the lesson, scarcely daring to breathe lest they disturb the wonderful flow of words that fell with such exquisite healing on their hearts.

When the class was over, they found themselves surrounded by chattering girls and boys. "Who are you? Where did you come from? Are you my age? Is this your sister?" She answered them as well as she could, but most important of all, she answered the question of that old doubt and longing so deeply hidden in her soul.

"This is the place of the Great One, and we shall dwell with Him forever, loved even as sons. And we shall drink of His wisdom, and go forth with word of Him to our people, that they may know of His love and dwell among themselves in kindness."

DEAR CHUMS:—

Next week comes the exciting moment of announcing the winners of our Riddle Contest. Then the editors have promised to print week by week the riddles which the Chums have sent in beginning with the prize-winning riddles first, and always giving the name of the sender. So you will want to watch Page Thirteen carefully.

You will be specially interested in the story on the front page of this week's paper as it tells something about the people of China and shows how much they need the help of our Missionaries. They needed it very much before the war with Japan but they need it even more now. The Canadian Christian Dollars for China (see lower right hand corner of this page) are forwarded by the *Northern Messenger* to the brave Missionaries who are carrying on in spite of the dangers and difficulties of war. Show this page to your parents and friends and teachers—they will be interested too and may wish to send some small contribution to the Fund.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Mary Ellis,—I am writing to you because I saw your letter to Margaret Stevenson in the Northern Messenger. I am 9 years old. I have fair hair and blue eyes. My birthday is August 6. I have one sister. Her name is Betty, her birthday is March 21. I am 4 ft. 7 in. tall. I do not know what I weigh. For pets I have a cat, dog, and a pair of bantams. The cat's name si Tricks and the dog's Nero. The Bantams are Tom and Sue. I go to school. I am in Grade IV. My teacher is Mr. Bowerman. There are about 31 or 32 pupils going to school. I have been sick all week, but am better now. My sports are roller skating, ice skating, swimming and fishing. I have my birthstone. It is yellow. Have you got yours? Your new friend,—Barbara Roblin, Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a little girl six years old. My birthday is February 9. Have I a twin sister or a brother? I started my Grade II book and I am on Page 28, in it. We have Junior Red Cross in our school. I love the winter time because we can slide and coast on our sleds. For pets we have two cats, Scamp and Trixie. Scamp weighs 11½ pounds. Trixie weighs 6 pounds. Hoping for pen-pals. —Luella Ross, N.S.

TO MARJORIE BURGESS FROM MARJORIE MCHANSON

Dearest Marjorie,—Yes, I have one other pen pal. There are about 150 pupils in our school, but there are 37 pupils in our room. There are 3 Grades in our room, 6, 7 and 8. I only have a few steps to go to school.

The village I live in has a population of 300, it is a very small place.

My dad owns a restaurant and I am never tired of waiting on tables. What does your dad do?

My favorite sports are skating, softball and swimming and my hobby is collecting photographs.

Well, I guess I have said enough for now, and will close. Your pen-pal,—Marjorie McHanson.

P.S.—Your letter was very interesting.

TO EDNA DUFF FROM MARY MACKINNON

Dear Edna,—I saw your letter to me on the Chums' Page about a month ago so decided to answer it. As usual I found the Easter holidays short, but we have only one more school term to complete, and it will pass quickly.

Did your sister ever write to the Chums' Mail Bag? I was thinking she and my sister could write to each other as they are about the same age.

Have you a radio in your home? We have one. There is a good program on every day from 5:15 to 5:30 p.m. which I sometimes listen to. Different stories are told each day. Sometimes it is about music composers.

Do you have music taught in your school? We have when our music teacher can get to the school.

Isn't it wonderful in how many different places the Northern Messenger is read? I was interested in the letter which came from England last autumn or early winter. Well, good-bye, and write soon.—Mary MacK., Ont.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my second letter to the Chums Page and I was much surprised to see my last letter in print, also that it received Honorable Mention. I live in a small village in Haliburton County. Here, many tourists come to spend their holidays. And I am sure they enjoy themselves very much. There are 24 pupils going to our school just now. In my grade there are only two. My favorite subjects are Spelling and Grammar. I did not see the King and Queen when they were here but would have liked to very much, I suppose it will be a long time before our King and Queen will visit Canada again. We have a Junior Red Cross in our school and hold our meetings every Wednesday. I would like Chums my age to write to me through this page. As my letter is getting long, I will say good-bye again. Your chum,—Evelyn Pasquino.

FINGERS AND THUMBS

When I do my buttons up the wrong hole always comes—
I'm back to front or front to back, my fingers feel all thumbs.

When I put my own shoes on, I can't remember quite
Which side is left of me and which side is the right.

If only both my sides were left it wouldn't take so long;
If only both my feet were right I'd never get them wrong. —*Selected.*

* *

This Month's Prize Winner

RUTH BLACKBURN

Honorable Mention

EVELYN PASQUINO

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

MARY MACKINNON

Honorable Mention

EVELYN PASQUINO

* *

Canadian Christian Dollars for China

Previously acknowledged & forwarded to Official Treasurer		$459.48
Further Contributions		136.19
"Friend", Hal., N.S.	$6.00	
Mrs. G. Johnstone, Man.	2.00	
"Can. Christian Dollars for China"	5.00	
Jas. Mathieson, Ont.	10.00	
"M.A.F.", Nfld.	5.00	
Mrs. H. A. Archibald. N.S.	1.00	
F. W. Fillmore, Detroit, Mich.	1.00	
"J. S.", Blair, Ont.	1.00	
E. M. Fraser, Sask.	10.00	
"Another Tither", Ont.	5.00	
"Mrs. C.B.F."	5.00	
Mr. E. Duncan, B.C.	5.00	
Mrs. E. L. Colpitt, N.B.	10.00	
B. J. J. Thorkelsson, Man.	1.20	
Mr. C. Forbes, Sask.	1.00	68.20
Total		663.37

The Pear-Tree with Golden Fruit

By A. Himmelberger

(For the Messenger)

TIMMY JENCKS jumped out of bed with the sudden conviction that something nice was about to happen.

The sun was shining in at the window. The tall pear tree just outside the window had a few green leaves on it and the buds were beginning to show.

Timmy was glad that warm weather was ahead. It would mean lots of good times swimming and going places, even if he did have to go on foot.

He looked down at the pear tree which had grown to the very edge of the roof of the dingy, little, weather-beaten house. When it bore fruit, which it did about every other year, it presented Timmy and his mother with an abundant crop, and they were good pears at that.

Timmy wished he had one this very minute. It would taste good!

He looked up and down the pear tree and the sunshine seemed to catch something shiny and spray out little yellow rays. Timmy didn't remember ever having seen anything like that before. So he looked again, even leaning out on the window sill to get a better view.

"There is something there!" Timmy exclaimed right out loud. "It looks like something all goldy!"

* * *

TIMMY caught his breath. Could it be possible that it could be Mr. John Hardy's long lost gold watch? It had been missing four years, and Mr. Hardy who lived in the nice house on the hill up the road aways, had offered a reward to anyone who would find it as it was a watch he valued.

Timmy heard his mother tell about it and how glad she would be if she could find it and return it to Mr. Hardy. Certainly she wouldn't want any reward for a neighborly act like that, and especially as Mr. Hardy had been very kind to Timmy and to her.

Timmy got dressed quite quickly and was not long eating his simple breakfast of oatmeal mush and milk. He had made up his mind to investigate what that was he had seen in the pear tree, but he wasn't going to say anything about it if the little gleam of metal he thought he had seen didn't amount to anything.

* * *

TIMMY was not long shinnying up the lower part of the tree and reaching branches strong enough to hold him. He didn't have to climb more than half way up before he was certain he had reached the place to which his attention had been attracted from his bedroom window that morning.

He looked very carefully, slipping his hand into the little places where small limbs branched out, making a little spot where something might catch or become wedged.

Timmy was just about to give up when he took himself in hand and said, "No Timmy, you're no quitter. You saw something shiny, and you know you did, and it must be there now!"

tI was only a minute later that Timmy caught sight of what he was looking for. And sure enough, when he reached out his hand and felt it, it was something hard and round! The sun came out from behind a cloud and sprayed more yellow rays from whatever it was tightly held between the small limb and the tree trunk.

My, but Timmy was excited! Another careful move a little higher up and Timmy was actually looking right at a yellow gold watch there in the old pear tree.

He loosened it very carefully so as not to dent it. Slipping it into his pocket and buttoning his coat so the watch wouldn't fall out, he lowered himself to the ground.

He went into the house to show his mother what he had found and she was almost as excited as Timmy himself.

"My, my," she said, "how glad I am that you can take this right back to Mr. Hardy. He is going away in a day or so and he'll be much pleased I am sure.

"I remember that the year he lost the watch we had a big yield of pears. He came over to see me about doing some work up at his house, and as the pears had been picked from the lower branches, he said if I would give him a little basket, he would go up a ways and get some of the nice fruit to take home to his mother. He was always thinking of her when she was alive. She was a good mother and he was a good son.

"He was only up in the pear tree a few minutes. He wore a little silk cord on the watch. Here is a piece of it left now. The cord must have caught in the tree and broken and the watch lodged where you found it."

* * *

MRS. JENCKS gave Timmy a clean cloth to wipe the watch off with, and soon Timmy was on his way to Mr. Hardy's house. He was very glad indeed to get the lost watch back.

"You see, Timmy," he said, "this big gold watch with the closed case, was given to my father when he was quite a young man, for an act of unusual bravery in rescuing several people from drowning. The case was so well made and so tight that it has kept the rain and the sun out and protected the works. We have valued that watch—my brother and I, and some day my brother's son will have it.

"But now," and Mr. Hardy smiled at Timmy, "you are entitled to the reward which I willingly offered and am glad to pay."

Instinctively Timmy's hands went behind his back.

"Oh, no sir," and he shook his head, "I don't want any reward. It was our tree you know, that sort of picked your pocket, and I wouldn't think of taking money just for a little neighborly act. I know my mother wouldn't want me to."

* * *

MR. HARDY looked thoughtfully at Timmy.

"That's very nice of you," he said at last, "but the reward might help your mother a little, and I take it it isn't always so easy for her to get along. Do you have milk every day?"

Timmy shook his head.

"We have it sometimes, though," he told Mr. Hardy, "because I do some odd jobs up at the Fenton farm, and when there's anything to do, Mrs. Fenton pays me with a little tin pail or pitcher of milk."

"That's great," the older man approved, "and I'm wondering if you wouldn't like to come up here each morning, sweep off the porches, and have some nice Jersey milk for the work you do."

"I would be very glad to, sir, smiled Timmy. "If you'll tell me where to find a broom, I can do it right now for today, but you don't need to start paying me until Saturday."

Said Mr. Hardy, "That will be fine. I know I can depend upon you, Timmy."

The next day Mr. Hardy called Timmy into the house.

"I am going away for a week or so," he told the boy, "and Blossom, the Jersey cow, will need to be milked. She will be in the pasture by the side of the road toward your house. If you were a little older, you could milk her and have the milk for doing it. But I am wondering if your mother wouldn't like to look after Blossom and come up here to the house each day and look around and see that everything is all right.

"As it is spring vacation time, you could come along with her and gather the eggs in the hen house. You may have half of all the nice fresh eggs you find. If these are more than you can use, you can exchange the rest

(Please turn to Page 12.)

How Does Your Garden Grow?

By Gordon Lindsay Smith

A FEW handy tools and a little knowledge regarding the handling of soils will eliminate all the drudgery whatever in gardening. There is no need whatever for constant digging in sticky soil. In fact no soil should remain sticky very long after a real gardener takes it over.

Experts advise one thorough digging or spading in the late fall or spring, or if the lot is a large one it will be better to get it plowed. Just before either operation, if the ground is poor it's a splendid idea to have some good rotted manure turned under. After this spading or plowing it will only be necessary to cultivate fine with a rake. One thorough cultivation like this once a year should keep the soil in shape and permit one to carry on easily with a small hand cultivator or Dutch hoe. Either of these inexpensive tools can be operated without bending the back and both will be sufficient to keep the soil stirred and the weeds down during the remainder of the season.

Heavy soil can be loosened permanently by the spading or plowing in of some well rotted strawy manure or lacking this vegetable growth such as clover, quickly grown oats or even weeds. In very small gardens it is possible to secure a load or two of sand, or loose black loam. These will also help to loosen the heavy soil and make it easily worked. The beginner with a brand new piece of raw clay should not get discouraged. Such soil is always hardest to work at first. Each year will find the job simpler.

Light sandy soils are always greatly benefited by the addition of strawy manure or black loam. The incorporation of vegetable matter such as straw, and weeds or clover will add humus to the sand and make it hold moisture better and give it a more desirable body.

GOLDEN FRUIT

(Continued from Page 11.)

of them for groceries up at The Four Corners. My part of the eggs can be put into the cellar where they will be cool.

"If your mother is willing to do this, I'll stop and leave her a key to the kitchen door."

Timmy was sure she would be glad to do it, and he was right, for Mrs. Jencks was grateful for the milk and eggs, and further than that, she and Timmy were happy to serve their kind neighbor in any way they could.

* * *

MR. Hardy was detained longer than he expected. He wrote a letter to Mrs. Jencks telling her when he would return. Timmy thought it would be nice to write Mr. Hardy a letter and to tell him that Blossom was fine, the hens laying well, and everything all right at the house; also that he and his mother would do their best to have everything in good shape when he returned.

Mr. Hardy came back late one evening. Timmy and his mother knew it because there was smoke rising out of the chimney in the morning.

"See," Timmy pointed out, "Mr. Hardy must be home and getting his breakfast. I should think he would be lonesome to live there alone."

"Perhaps he is, poor man," Mrs. Jencks agreed, "but it isn't so easy to get the right sort of a person for a place like that."

WHEN TIMMY went to sweep his porches, for he kept them as clean as a whistle all the time, Mr. Hardy came out to greet him.

"It's been just splendid," he said, "to know that I didn't need to worry about anything, and I am wondering if I couldn't persuade your mother and you to give up the little house where you live and to move up here with me. Your mother could be my housekeeper —and she'd be a good one—and you could go to school and perhaps some day you might be able to go in town to High School. Perhaps I could help you."

"Oh, sir," burst out Timmy, "that would be just wonderful. "It's what I want to do when I am old enough."

"Well," replied Mr. Hardy, "I'll drop in and talk with your mother about it. It would be very nice indeed for me to be able to come and go. We'll see what we'll see!"

Timmy could scarcely wait until he reached home to tell his mother what Mr. Hardy had in mind. Mrs. Jencks was as pleased as Timmy.

"Just think," Timmy burst out enthusiastically, "what that pear tree has brought us first and last—pears, a gold watch, quarts of milk, cream, eggs, and now a place to live where we'll not have to be anxious about keeping warm in winter or anything."

Mrs. Jencks was smiling.

(Please turn to Page 13.)

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."
2. People in the desert suffering from thirst and some one calling that there is plenty of water for them.
3. "Without money and without price."
4. Isa 55:2.
5. Isa. 55:6, 7.
6. The heavens, the earth, the rain, the snow, the buds, the seed, bread, the mountains and hills, thorns and briers, the fir tree and the myrtle tree.
7. From God's goodness to His people, the world will learn what God is like.

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Keep your WITS WORKING

"A DRAWING GAME"

HAND around pencils and slips of paper to all who are going to take part in the game. On this slip of paper each player writes the name of some familar animal. Then the papers are all passed one player to the right and each player procceds to draw the animal named on the slip.

When the drawings are finished, the names are carefully turned down and the slips collected and pinned around the room with only the drawings showing.

Each player tries to name the animals represented by the drawings. The one who names correctly the largest number wins the game and receives the prize.

RIDDLES OLD AND NEW

1. In case of an accident, what is better than presence of mind?
2. Why need one be never hungry in bed?
3. Why need he not be thirsty?
4. When is a sick man a contradiction?
5. If it costs $100 to put in a furnace what will a ton of coal come to?
6. Why are pianos of fine character?

AN OLD FAVORITE—FIZZ BUZZ

THIS is a simple arithmetical game. The figure 5 is represented by the word Buzz, which must be said instead of any number containing the figure 5 (for example, 105 or 58), and must also be said instead of any number that is a multiple of 5 (such as 20 or 45).

The figure 7 is represented by Fizz in the same way. It must be used for numbers containing the figure 7 (such as 72 or 17) or for numbers that are multiples of 7 (such as 49 or 84).

Any number that contains two fives must be represented by Buzz Buzz, and any number containing two sevens must be represented by Fizz Fizz, while any number that contains both 5 and 7 must be represented by Fizzbuzz.

The players count up from one, each player saying a number in turn, or its equivalent in Fizzes and Buzzes.

If a player makes a mistake and does not say Fizz or Buzz when they are due, or only Buzz instead of Fizz-buzz, he loses a life. When he has lost three lives, he drops out of the game. The game is continued until every player has dropped out except one, who is the winner. This is how the players should count: 1, 2, 3, 4, Buzz, 6, Fizz, 8, 9, Buzz, 11, 12 13, Fizz, Buzz, 16, Fizz, 18, 19, Buzz, Fizz, 22, 23, 24, Buzz, 26, Fizz, Fizz, 29, Buzz, 31, 32, 33, 34, Fizzbuzz, 36, Fizz, 38, and so on.

JUMBLED LETTERS

When the letters of these jumbled words have been placed in their right order they will spell the names of twelve European towns.

BILONS	HASTEN
ANNEIV	SURBLESS
REMASESILL	RESTMADAM
DRIADM	CLENOFER
GREINDUBH	RECLUEN
ALSUNANE	HANCEPONGE

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Riddles Old and New—

1. When it stops a-waggin' (a wagon).
2. Because it breaks as soon as the sun rises.
3. Dande-lion and tiger-lily.
4. Because she crosses the line and goes from pole to pole.
5. Because "them easels" (the measles) were about.
6. The wind blew and the waves rose.

What Bird is this?—A sparrow.

Tune in on Nature.—1. The Coco-de-Mer weighing 40 pounds, grows on a species of palm tree; 10 years are required for growth and maturing each nut. 2. Single strands of spider silk are used in optical instruments such as exacting types of microscopes and range finders. 3. No. 4. Ten. 5. No. Only the male frog joins the chorus 6. About six feet. 7. 200,000. 8. The Wren-tit is found in no other place in the world than North America. 9. 200 to 300 times a second. 10. No. He accepts no domestic responsibilities whatever.

—Madison Cooper's Gardening Magazine.

Gasps and Giggles

A criminal once pleaded in extenuation of his offence that he was destined to commit it. "I am heartily sorry for that, my friend," said the judge, "for by the same rule I am predestined to order that you go to penal servitude for five years!"

"Whatever the outcome of the trial," said the defendant, "I am certain that this experience will make me a better man."

"In what way?" asked the judge.

"In striving to live up to the speech made by my counsel," was the reply.

TWO EARLY BIRDS

An English landowner, out unusually early one morning for a walk on his estate, in turning a corner came suddenly upon an Irishman, whom he knew as an inveterate poacher. This is the conversation that took place between them: "Good morning, Pat!" "Good mornin', yer honor. An' what brings yer honor out so airly this mornin'?"

"I,m just walking round, Pat, to see if I can get an appetite for my breakfast. And what brings you out so early, Pat?"

"Och, sure, I'm just walkin' round to see if I can't get a breakfast for me appetite!"

An Aberdonian had just insured his house against fire. As he signed his name he turned to the insurance agent and asked: "What would I get if my house was to burn down tomorrow?"

"Oh, I should say about ten years," replied the insurance man.

The inquisitive woman was worrying the gardener. She asked a lot of silly questions. "What steps do you take with the caterpillars?" she asked next.

"Well, mum," said the exasperated gardener. "I takes half-a-dozen steps into our nearest field and turns the caterpillars round three times so that they get giddy and don't know their way back."

GOLDEN FRUIT

(Continued from Page 12.)

"You've forgotten one thing—the most important of all, Timmy boy," she reminded him.

Timmy looked at her questioningly.

"A good friend, such as Mr. Hardy has proved to be," Mrs. Jencks assured Timmy, as she smoothed down his tumbled thatch of wavy brown hair.

Timmy was sober for a minute.

"Our teacher at school, Miss Hills, tells us sometimes," he said, "that anyone *without* friends is poor. Anyone with a real friend is rich indeed. And that to have a good friend, we must be a good friend. I know now what she means!"

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SPOON CORNBRF

Put 1 cup cornmeal into a bowl and pour in 1 cup boiling water. Cover and let stand until cool. Add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar and 1 well beaten egg. Dissolve ½ teaspoon soda in 1 cup buttermilk or sour milk and add to the batter. Mix well. Add 2 tablespoons melted butter. Pour into a deep greased dish and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes.

GLAZED CARROTS

Scrape and parboil 6 young carrots until tender. Drain and place in a frying pan with 3 tablespoons butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1-3 cup boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer 10 minutes, uncover and cook, turning frequently, 5 minutes or until covered with a thick, rich glaze.

BEEF KIDNEY HASH

One beef kidney, 3 tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons butter, 1 small onion, sliced thin, ½ cup meat stock or bouillon, 1 cup diced boiled potatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, black pepper to taste, a dash of cayenne.

Pour boiling water over the beef kidney that has been cut into fine dice. Let stand about 5 minutes, then drain and dry on paper towelling or a clean cloth. Roll in the flour and seasonings and saute in the butter until light brown on all sides. Add the thinly sliced onion and saute a few minutes longer. Add the stock and the potatoes, mix well and simmer until thick, about 5 minutes longer. Serve on circles of toasted bread or on toasted muffins. This makes a nice supper dish with a green salad, coffee and pie.

HAM AND EGGS

Ham and eggs is one of man's favorite dishes. Have the butcher cut the ham thick enough so that it keeps some of its juiciness and flavor after cooking. If you must have it sliced thin, then sear it quickly on both sides and call the job finished. Make slashes around the edge of the ham to prevent curling.

When done, remove the ham to a heatproof dish and keep hot while you fry the eggs. Break them carefully into the hot ham fat and cook slowly, basting with the fat as they cook.

Robert's Views on Travel

RUTH PECK McLEOD

I SURE have my history teacher fooled—she says I'm an outstanding student, but I'd hate to tell even you how little time I spend on my history text book. You see the way I learned about history was by travelling. You just go to some of the places like the battlefields of Chattanooga, and you'll never forget the facts about the Civil War.

And most of the kids have trouble with their compositions, but do you think I do? Why I just write about some of the places I've seen. Sometimes I make up a story like I did about a man in the Civil War, after I'd been to Lookout Mountain.

You see Dad's father had always believed in travelling, and he took Dad all around when he was a boy, and Dad's trying to do the same for me. And my dad knows how to get around in any city. Before we go to a new place, we write to the Chamber of Commerce and get a lot of information about it, and we study the map to find out just where it is. Why even my five-year-old sister can understand a map. Dad says its like a picture to her. She takes her crayons and colors the states where we've been, and Dad says that geography will be a "cinch" for her just like it was for me. You see if you travel 'round much, you can kind of see the map in your mind, and you get every place located, but if you've never been anywhere your geography'll be an awful bore to you.

Mother says some folks haven't enough money to travel. But I met a kid once whose folks were poor, and he and his family used to go on imaginary trips over the weekend pretty nearly every week. His dad used to get timetables and circulars just like my dad does. Then they'd read and tell stories about the jlaces they were supposed to visit and pretend they were in hotels. Of course it wasn't the same as really being there, but they had a good time, and when you talked with them, you'd think they'd travelled a lot.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

RUSKIN SPEAKS

In proportion to the nobleness of the power, is the guilt of its use for purposes vain or vile.—The Two Paths.

For Those who Work Behind the Scenes

"These were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges; and they dwelt with the King for his work."
(*I. Chron.* 4:23.)

My potters' wheel, my hedge, is where
I see a desk and office chair,
And well I know my Lord is there.

And all my work is for a King.
Who gives His potter songs to sing,
Contented songs, through everything.

And nothing is too small to tell
To Him with Whom I always dwell,
My Counsellor, Emmanuel.

O Lord, Thy choice is good to me,
It is a happy thing to be
Here in my office—here with Thee.

—Amy Wilson Carmichael in 'Dohnavur Songs'.

Play may be useful in a secondary sense, (nothing is indeed more useful or necessary,) but the use of it depends on its being spontaneous.—The Crown of Wild Olive.

"DAVY JONES"

OF course you have heard of Davy Jones; but who was he?

"Davy Jones's locker" is still a prominent phrase in seafaring speech. How did the saying come into use, and what exactly does it mean?

According to one authority, "Davy Jones" is the sailors' name for the supposed evil spirit of the sea. The old Cornish proverb, still surviving, "As old as the flood of Dava," suggests that the sea, once upon a time, was regarded as a devouring and overwhelming monster. One can readily understand why.

Some maintain that "Jones" is a corruption of "Jonah," the prophet who was cast into the sea. "Locker" in seaman's speech means a receptacle for private stores.

Thus "Davy Jones's locker" is the bottom of the sea; and a sailor who is said to have "gone to Davy Jones's locker" has died and been buried at sea.—Methodist Recorder.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that the following Dividends have been declared for the quarter ending the 30th day of April, 1940 .

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By Order of the Board.

C. B. ROBINSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Montreal,
April 8, 1940.

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, APRIL 26, 1940.

IT IS FOR YOU TO TAKE UP THIS CHALLENGE

THE Young Women's Christian Association held its 85th anniversary on April 14, and our Queen who is world honorary president, spoke from the Y.W.C.A. Hall in London.

"As your patron I am very glad indeed to be here to take part in these celebrations and it is an added pleasure to me to know that my words are being relayed not only to the further parts of Great Britain but also to members on the other side of the Atlantic holding similar celebrations and who are now listening.

"To all members of the association in whatever part of the world they may be, I send a greeting from this hall. I would like also to say a special word of appreciation to members of staff and club leaders both here and overseas.

"Yours is the task of fitting youth for the responsibilities of tomorrow.

"For this you have to keep abreast with modern thought and at the same time to give the young that Christian purpose and direction in life, without which no real betterment is possible. Your task, then, is both a high privilege and a dedication.

"Never, I suppose, has the association had a more responsible part to play than today.

"Christian standards and values are being challenged at all points, and a purely material conception of life offered in their place. It is for you younger members to take up this challenge.

"As individuals you can each do your part in witnessing to the eternal truth. But as one great fellowship pledged to Christian ideals, your influence will be invincible, and will spread, as your symbol the blue triangle has spread already, across the five continents, binding the world in a circle of goodwill and happiness.

"In the strength of the unbreakable bond which unites the members of this great international association, I wish you all, wherever you may be, God speed on your way and God's blessing on your work."

A HISTORY LESSON

GEORGE MALCOLM THOMPSON in the *London Daily Express* treats his readers to a history lesson which every person interested in current events will find illuminating. He says:

A dictator came to power in his adopted country through a great revolution. He had delighted to call himself "corporal." Now he withdrew himself into majestic seclusion. His companions, ruthless men who had gathered round him as he marched upward, blossomed out in splendid uniforms. But he trusted none of his subordinates.

The dictator carried out vast projects: he transformed the law; he constructed a network of splendid roads and rebuilt his own capital; he set his scientists to inventing substitute materials; he signed pacts and tore them up; he built up a powerful army and reshaped the map of Europe by a series of swift aggressions. When the Spanish government annoyed him he changed it by military intervention, giving the excuse that Spain was falling into anarchy. He practised political kidnapping, stooped to political assassination in a foreign land. He ruled his own land through efficient secret police.

He roused the alarm of Britain. Yet when Britain went to war he continued eloquently to protest his desire for peace. In a final interview with the British Ambassador, the dictator burst out: "The British want war. If they are the first to draw the sword, I shall be the last to lay it down. They shall be responsible to all Europe!"

Then the dictator met the Russian ruler, who said: "I shall be your second against Britain." "In that case," replied the dictator, "everything can be arranged."

Russia wanted Finland—and took it. But the dictator and the Russians were uneasy allies. The dictator wanted to reach the Black Sea, and the Russians stood against him. At last all nations of Europe rose against him. The Allies told the dictator's country that they wished her no ill, that they fought against him alone. In one last fight an end was put to the dictator's power.

His name? Napoleon.

The last few lines of Mr. Thompson's "history lesson" come with a sort of shock of surprise. Anyone reading through the greater part of the article would think that it referred to Herr Hitler.

History has repeated itself, as it has been in the habit of doing. It has repeated itself up to the point that the dictator has made himself master of a great part of continental Europe. Will he add conquest to conquest? No one can tell. Napoleon troubled Europe for 18 years. But one thing is certain: Dictatorships come to an end, and the more mighty the building the dictator has erected the greater, usually, is the fall when it comes crashing down, more often than not burying him in its ruins.

THREATENED INVASION

A BILL has been passed in the Prince Edward Island Legislature proposing to "amend" the existing Prohibition Act so as to legalize the sale of beer and wine under "Government Control" but making a plebiscite necessary before such sale can go into effect

The assault on the Prohibition Act seems to have been sprung on the people with Hitler-like suddenness. All sorts of ways will be tried to get legalized liquor entrenched in the Island, and once in, it would be difficult to dislodge.

Many years ago the people of Prince Edward Island erected a barrier against liquor. They have maintained it ever since. The good order which prevails in the Island Province is a testimony to the effectiveness of the law.

The amendment making a plebiscite necessary before liquor sale can be established will at least give the people of Prince Edward Island a breathing space. They can lose no time in preparing to resist the intended invasion.

Canadians Greet Their Maiesties

When King George and Queen Elizabeth recently attended the opening of the Beaver Club, the large new social headquarters for Canadian troops in London, it was a rousing reception that the soldiers gave them and crowded every vantage point on the building to cheer. Above, one group of the happy soldiers is perched above the entrance as Their Majesties arrive.

For the official visit to mark the opening of the club located in Spring Gardens, the King and Queen were accompanied by Hon. Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner, and Mrs. Massey. Mr. Massey is at the King's side while Mrs. Massey is at the extreme right chatting with Queen Elizabeth, who can be seen smiling graciously at the Canadian troops lining the approach to the Club.

KING AND QUEEN CHAT WITH TWO FROM MONTREAL

A DETAILED account of how two old members of the Victoria Rifles of Canada, now overseas with a medical unit, came to have a chat with the King and Queen, in the Beaver Club in London, England, is told in a letter sent by one of the principals, Orderly Room Sergeant-Major Alf Gill, to relatives in Montreal.

Gill relates how he and C.S.M. William Bennett went up to London on leave and, after seeing many of the sights, finally went into the Beaver Club, which had been opened that day.

"Well, we sat down and had something to eat," Gill writes. "All at once everybody made a rush to get into the dining-room, but Bill and I sat outside, never realizing that the King and Queen had arrived. But Their Majesties had been conducted into the building and the men there and the staff had lined the big hall.

'When we heard what was going on I suggested to Bill that we had better go inside, and we managed to sneak through a side door just in time to see the Queen preceeding the King coming down the main aisle.

"JUST as her Majesty reached me she stopped and turned. Then came the thrill of thrills. She said, 'Hello, how are you? What is your name? Where do you come from?' Of course I told her I came from the Province of Quebec. She said, 'How wonderful! I love Quebec.'

"Then she went on to thank me for coming over, and then I said, 'Well, we heard you were having a little trouble over here, so here we are.' I also told her that we were very much interested in the Royal tour of Canada and that my regiment had furnished a guard of honor for Their Majesties at the banquet held in the Windsor Hotel in Montreal.

"She expressed great pleasure at the recollection. Then I turned to Bill and said, 'Will Your Majesty allow me to present to you C.S.M. Bennett, who was the sergeant of that guard?' Then she had a conversation with Bill.

"By this time the King had stepped up and he showed great interest in the Vic badge that I was wearing. His Majesty asked me where the Vics were now, and I told him about their mobilization for guard duty on the canals and their subsequent demobilization. He replied, 'What a pity!' Then shook hands with me and thanked me for coming over.

"That certainly was an experience that I shall never forget."

Farmer: "Do you guarantee this clover seed?"

Merchant: "I should say so. If this seed doesn't come up, you bring it back and we'll refund your money."